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ADVERTISEMENTS TO THE BEE,

Earlington, Ky.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1893

GROVER CLEVELAND, the White House autocrat, wishes it to be known far and near, that he is the absolute sovereign of this little "Na-shun," as is evidenced in the appointment of the Comptroller of the Currency.

In justice to those editors who write so fluently with their scissors, and for their benefit, we suggest that they "Go and sin no more." Borrowed matter in this paper receives proper credit. The Bee is an honest worker, and does not prey upon others; relies upon its own exertions, having no desire to steal its way through, nor has it any disposition to be wantonly robbed.

The Sunday Herald, a four column folio, published at Earlinton, has just reached us. Bryant C. Wright appears at the helm as steersman of the little journalistic barque. The Herald is not quite sure what it is about, but in some way of good points it would make a paper of pins buckle down to beat it. We reach our hand full half way to Bro. Wright, and will X with the Herald.

The Sam Jones' movement has set the city of Bowling Green astir. Since the advent of the disaster at New Orleans, it is evident that a few weeks ago, things, locally and morally, have taken a decided turn. As the country refers to the new saloon licensees which are about to expire. Even the police authorities, it is said, have had in stilled them new life, and in consequence many gambling houses which were closed after the fire, have been raided. All this is due to Sam Jones and the good people of the Park City.

The most wonderful invention Mr. Edison has yet produced, is that of the Kinetograph, now on exhibition at the World's Fair, in Chicago.

The Courier Journal, through its telegraphic service says: "With the Kinetograph it is possible to show in Chicago, Clarence M. Darrow delivering a speech aboard the flag-ship Chicago, in New York harbor. Not a photograph of any sort, acts as a film, and, in his every gesture, the play of expression on his face, the movements of his lips. It will transmit and reproduce motion of any kind for any distance."

It is this, what the phonograph is to the ear. A mechanical retina which stores away a living picture, to be produced in all its action, every moment faithfully shown, at any time and in any place.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has just given the people another exhibition of the tact and tactit (personal and factual) that would seem to govern his actions in the distribution of public offices, amounting to a gross abuse of the power vested in him as the chief executive, as the appointment of that self-confessed ignoramus, James H. Eckles, to one of the most responsible positions in the Federal Government will show—Comptroller of the Currency.

Eckles, himself, says that he understands little or nothing of the modus operandi of banking, having spent the greater portion of his life in a small country town, in the practice of law.

The appointment of such a man is a direct affront to Secretary Carisle, the most accomplished Democratic statesman extant, who does not mean to make for the place, but whose wishes were contemptuously ignored.

The New York Press discants on the appointment in a lively manner, and among other things says: "Eckles' nomination was so notoriously unfit, so utterly in defiance of all precedent, that even ultra Democratic Senators felt compelled, at the master of party expediency, to protest against it. The nomination was confirmed because Democratic Senators did not dare to offend the autocrat in the White House who controls the dispensation of spoils."

In this particular instance (and the good Lord only knows how many others), the federal laws have been flagrantly violated, which make it the express duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to recommend the Comptroller of the Currency.

ZENO F. YOUNG.

This community, and all of Hopkinsville, are in a state of consternation to circumference last Sunday by a telegram announcing the death by suicide of Zeno F. Young, who for many years was the publisher of the Madsonville Times, from which the Hustler was evolved.

Many of our readers remember the combination of fate and circumstances which terminated Zeno's journalistic career in this country. In an unguarded moment, he fell twenty-eight feet from his office window, striking suddenly the solid stone wall. Contrary to all expectations, he survived the terrible fall; and, after a long confinement, was again able to resume his labors, but changed his countenance, and his hair had gone, and his sickness and his paper had been neglected. Debts and claims had greatly augmented and creditors were pressing him. To save these debts, he sold out at a sacrifice and retired from business, found in fortune, in spirit, in health; in all, save principle and honor. As the rapid decline of his health continued, he turned his thoughts to the world's fair, hoping to be able to redeem his shattered fortunes. He ventured all, and in a year or two, bound with unconsciousness and lost, finding himself confronted with poverty, and haunted with the fear of failing to provide for his wife and children the effects of his calamity, and, in a moment of frenzy, committed suicide by taking morphine.

Theodore notes with pleasure that Brother Zeno has returned to the garment business, and the "Journalist" has resumed his "Opinion and Comment Column" which was always one of the best features of that excellent sheet. If any item contains a vane of any sort, it is safe to say that it is the result of the "Hustler" which he sold out to the world's fair. Now Haven Echo.

President Cleveland will go to the World's Fair, but Mrs. Cleveland will have something more interesting at home than news.

The "Times" news "little things" cannot but prove interesting.—Toddy County Progress.

Coming events cast their shadows before.

Squire R. L. Marshall, who is said to be in, perhaps, the only magistrate in the county who can say that he united three couples in the holy bonds of matrimony at one time, and in the same week, did so on Wednesday of last week.—Murphy Ledger.

We understand Squire Marshall is the credit of being the only man in this country who ever solved "The Double Rule of Three."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, April 17, 1893.

The head of the present administration has been off office about forty days, and is occupying his time in the study of his papers. It is really creditable work, however, that he is not proceeding with due rapidity. The report of Senator Gorman has been off the hand wagon in need of verification.

As a writer Zeno Young stood pre-eminent over any journalist in the country, and in the course of that a few weeks ago, things, locally and morally, have taken a decided turn. As the country refers to the new saloon licensees which are about to expire. Even the police authorities, it is said, have had in stilled them new life, and in consequence many gambling houses which were closed after the fire, have been raided. All this is due to Sam Jones and the good people of the Park City.

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The Statesman. Little drops of water, often make the statement of the present day.—Washington Star.

Little clouds of trouble. Little rolls of noise, often make the statement of the present day.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Little lights of benevolence, Little speeches made. Show us that the statesman is still a statesman.—St. Paul News.

Little golden goblets.

Little mountain dew.

Makes the country statesmen Play the rooster.—Hartford Republican.

Little Pitts of piety.

And the mileage, Pitts.

Little Pitts of intuition.

They can distinguish not quaternaries.

And we as hard as a bear.

To make the country fresh and clean.

But they can't keep out spring fever.

If they could spring fever, too.

Then other troubles would begin.

They can't keep out backache and the solar plexus.

That is where we wish.

And we do it too.

No matter where you catch a fish, You always catch a hit.

—Shelby News.

And every where we meet

So make a "house trade" a success.

At least two are required.

Poole Mill, Ky., April 8, 1893.—Editorial Journal.—

On the 6th of April, 1893, I found my cow with a young calf destined of eyes. It hasn't got the sign of an eye. Otherwise it is all right. —Agent D. G. Ezel.

Henderson Journal.

Since there is not the slightest chance for me to get blind leaf the owner of this calf can never hope to real-eyes an eye-ota upon it.

The old saw about a woman being at the bottom of every calamity, and the like, is not true.

At the other day.

A carriage machinist sued to recover for the loss of three of his fingers, which were cut off while he was at work.

He was sued for damages.

His wife has been especially busy in his official life, and although their residence here has been a short one their loss will be generally felt.

I am told the President has not indulged in pedestrianism outside of the White House, since his stand, without a rival, as the leading representative Domestic newspaper of the United States.

He has the Mecca of all good, so well as the Capital.

He is a man of great wealth.

